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CLIVE BARKER'S

PINWEED

THE
CLIMACTIC
CRO-MAGNON
CLASH!!!



OBI

CLIVE BARKER'S

PINHEAD

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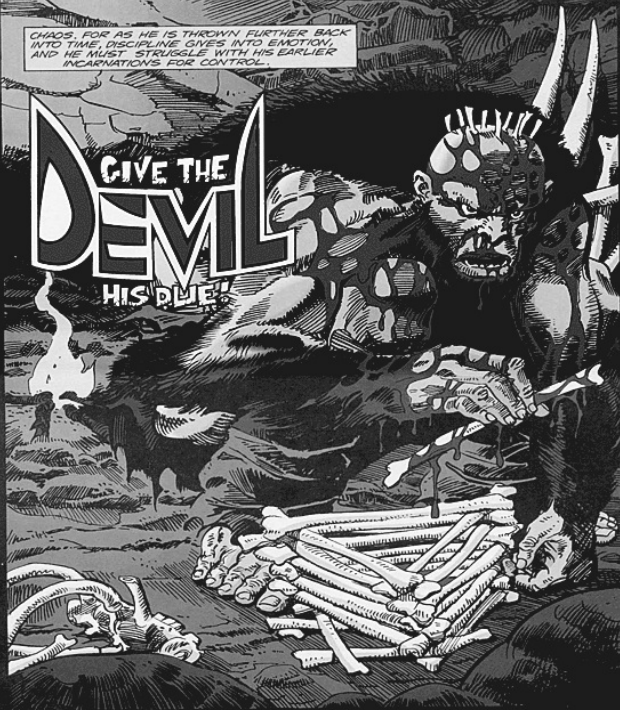
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HE IS HELL'S
CHOSEN SON.

FIGHTING A BATTLE NOT ONLY WITH
THE ENTITY KNOWN AS AGGREGATE,
BUT WITH HELL'S OLDEST FOE.

CHAOS, FOR AS HE IS THROWN FURTHER BACK
INTO TIME, DISCIPLINE GIVES INTO EMOTION,
AND HE MUST STRUGGLE WITH HIS EARLIER
INCARNATION'S FOR CONTROL.

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE!



IT IS A BATTLE HE MUST WIN
THIS ONE LAST TIME...

...FOR HELL'S SAKE.



DAMN YOU! I DO NOT
WISH TO FIGHT YOU! YOUR
LACK OF REASON WILL
FORCE MY HAND!

GIVE ME CONTROL,
BEAST, OR I WILL
SHEAR THE FLESH
FROM YOUR BONES!

HEEYAAAHHH!!!



AWAY FROM THE BATTLE
OF THE MINDSCAPE...



...AN UNWELCOMED
VISITOR ARRIVES.



THAT SHADOW...!?!?



UNNGGHH!!



STRUCK
DUKE
AGAIN?



EXCELLENT.





AFRAID?
PLEASE, DON'T
FEAR ME.

COME HERE TO
ME. I'VE BROUGHT
YOU A GIFT.
TAKE IT.

THE BLESSED
OBLIVION
OF DEFEAT!



WE WANTED
TO LOVE YOU,
CHOSEN ONE...

BUT YOU TURNED
YOUR BACK ON US!
AND NOW THERE'LL
BE HELL TO PAY.





AS AGGREGATE'S DARK WORK
ESCALATES, SO TOO DOES
THE DECAY OF HELL'S ORDER...

IN THE BATTLE FOR HELL, LEVIATHAN IS FORCED TO
CONSUME MORE AND MORE SOULS TO FEED ITS
MACHINERY OF WAR, SOWING THE SEEDS OF
CHAOS AND REBELLION.

YOU HAVE BEEN
JUDGED AND FOUND
LACKING! YOUR SOULS
WILL BE FODDER FOR
LEVIATHAN'S WILL!

NO! THIS IS NOT RIGHT!
WE WERE BROUGHT HERE TO
SERVE AS CENOBITES, NOT BE
GRIST FOR LEVIATHAN'S MILL!
WE MUST RISE UP AND FIGHT!

BEAT HIM! FLAY
THE FLESH FROM HIS
BONES! THERE WILL
BE NO DISSENT
IN HELL ...

"...ORDER SHALL PREVAIL."

LEVIATHAN IS CRUMBLING.
I CAN SEE
YOUR FEAR...

...SMELL THE STENCH
OF IT COMING OFF OF YOU.
EVEN BURIED AS YOU ARE
UNDER THIS PATHETIC
CREATURE'S SOUL.

HOW UTTER
YOUR DEFEAT.
AH, YOU'LL
EXCUSE US A
MOMENT IF
WE ATTEND
TO OUR
TRAPPINGS...?

NO DOUBT YOU'VE
WONDERED HOW WE
CAME TO BE, HOW IT
COULD BE POSSIBLE
THAT YOUR PRECIOUS
LEVIATHAN WOULD
ALLOW OUR
EXISTENCE.

ESCAPE,
PEMON.

WE SLIPPED
THE SURLY HOLD
OF YOUR DARK
LORD.

NOT ALL
AT ONCE...

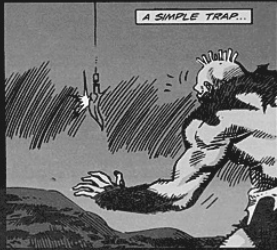
BUT ONE
PRECIOUS
PIECE OF
FLESH AT
A TIME...

UNTIL WE WERE
WHOLE. ONE BODY,
MYRIAD SOULS.
AGGREGATE.



IN THE MINDSCAPE...

YYYEEEEAAARRGG!!!







LEVIATHAN
MUST BE
SAVED...

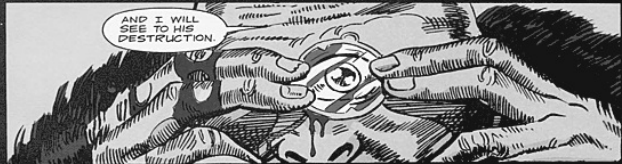
... AND
AGGREGATE
STOPPED!



HIS WAR ON
LEVIATHAN...



... LACKS PROPER
ORDER... FOCUS. HE
IS DOOMED, LORD!



AND I WILL
SEE TO HIS
DESTRUCTION.

IN 1857...

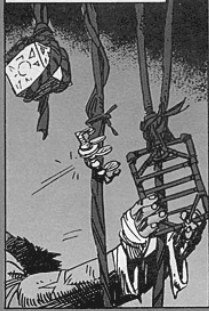
...IN AN ATELIER IN PRAGUE
FAR AWAY IN TIME AND
DISTANCE FROM THE PRIMAL
STENCH OF THE SWAMP IN
WHICH AGGREGATE NOW
FINDS HIMSELF...

...A SCANDINAVIAN ENGINEER NAMED
OSTLUND DEVOTED HIMSELF TO THE
STUDY OF METAPHYSICAL ARCHITECTURE.

HIS RESEARCH LED HIM
DOWN A DARK PATH, LED
HIM TO EXPLORE THE
UNSEEN CONSTRUCTS
THAT LURK IN THE
SHADOWS OF THE KNOWN
AND LINKNOWN.

HE FOUND PUZZLES, IN-
TRICATE MACHINES OF
INFERNAL ORIGIN, AND HE
STUDIED THEIR WORKS. HE
COMBINED THEM IN WAYS
NO ONE EVER HAD. A
DANGEROUS MIXTURE
OF SCIENCE AND SORCERY.

HE DISAPPEARED IN A
FINE RED MIST ONE
DAY, BUT NOT BEFORE
LEAVING BEHIND AN
ARCAIC AND LONG-
FORGOTTEN THEORY
OF PUZZLE USE.





THE OSTLUND CONSTRUCT.
A BLUEPRINT FOR THE
DESTRUCTION OF HELL.

THE CONSTRUCT
IS NEARLY
COMPLETE...



HURRY, ENTITY!
YOU JEOPARDIZE
OUR FREEDOM
WITH YOUR SLOTH!

WE HAVE
POOLED OUR DIS-
PARATE PARTS IN
YOU SO THAT YOU
MIGHT DO OUR
WORK-- GET ON
WITH IT!



DO OUR
BIDDING, AS
YOU WERE
CREATED TO DO!

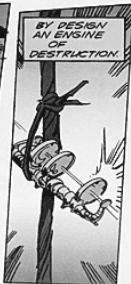
OUR SUFFERING
MUST END! HURRY!

AGGREGATE,
DAMN YOU, WE
MUST BE FREE!

ENOUGH!
ENOUGH!

SPLASH
SPLASH

I HAVE SERVED
YOU ALL AS LONG
AS I CAN, ME ME!
I AM AGGREGATE!
I HAVE MY OWN
SOUL! AND I HAVE
SUFFERED!



... AND THE RAMPARTS OF HELL
BEGIN TO SHAKE !!





HELL.





THE PRIMEVAL PAST.

DEEP IN HELL,
THE DAMNED
FEEL PAIN AND
LOSS...



...BUT HERE,
THEY TASTE
FREEDOM!



THOSE SOULS
DEEMED "NOT
GOOD ENOUGH"
TO MARCH IN LEV-
IATHAN'S ARMY--



--ALL OF US
TRAPPED
INSIDE THAT
DIAMOND,
FEEDING ITS
HUNGER!



ONE PIECE
AT A TIME
THEY--WE WE
"ESCAPED"



--LENDING A PART
OF OURSELVES TO
MAKE US THIS
AGGREGATE!



NOW THE TIME
HAS COME TO RE-
CLAIM WHAT IS OURS--



--TO REMAKE
OURSELVES
WHOLE
ONCE AGAIN!

THE SOULS ESCAPE
IN A HUMID RUSH.



EXUBERANT AT
THEIR RELEASE.

SELF-CONGRATULATING
THEIR CLEVERNESS.

THE OTHERS WILL
BE OUT SOON TO RE-
COVER THEIR LIMBS
AND MEMBERS...

THEN... THEN
WHAT'S TO BE-
COME... OF
ME?

"ME?"
THERE IS
NO "ME",
AGGREGATE-
ONLY US!

YOUR
TIME IS AT
AN END...
YOU'VE
SERVED
YOUR
PURPOSE!

SADLY, THE
SAME CAN NOT BE
SAID FOR THE
REST OF YOU.





LEVIATHAN
STILL
HUNGERS.

AND I AM
TO ATTEND TO
ITS FEEDING.

HOW DO YOU
INTEND TO DO
THAT, PRIMATE?
WITH SOME BRUSH
AND A BAUBLE?



THE
BRUSH
IS USEFUL
BECAUSE IT
IS DRY...



...THE "BAUBLE"
BECAUSE IT IS A
KEY TO THE
STRUCTURE
YOU HAVE TRIED
TO ERECT.



"IT WAS TAKEN FROM FATHER DE PRIGE
IN 1728, WHEN AGGREGATE ONLY STOLE
PART OF THE PRIZE!"

"YOUR 'PUZZLE' IS
MISSING A PIECE."



WHAT SHOULD
BE A TOOL OF
ORDER HAS
BECOME A
THING OF
CHAOS.



WE'VE SURVIVED THE
AGONY OF LEVIATHAN'S MOST
INTIMATE **SUFFERING**. ARE
WE SUPPOSED TO BE
AFRAID OF A LITTLE FIRE?

YOUR TIME IN
HELL HAS TAUGHT
YOU NOTHING OF
THE SUBTLETY
CONFIGURATION.

THIS
GIFT IS NOT
FOR YOU...

KWROOM

HELLSPAWNED FLAME
THROWS OFF--
ARCAIC LIGHT--

--REFLECTED AND TWISTED
BY A HERMETIC SURFACE--

--MAGNIFIED
BY LENSES
GROUND DEEP
IN THE ABYSS.

THE RESULTING BEAM
WOULD MELT THE
FLESH OF ANY
MALLEABLE CREATURE.

BUT TO THE LORD
OF FASCIST ORDER,
IT IS A BALM.

HEALING
SHATTERED
CRYSTAL.

SEALING THE
AVENUES OF
ESCAPE.



OUR
FELLOWS
-- CUT IN
TWO!

HALF
HERE--
HALF
STILL
BELOW!

THEY
WERE THE
LUCKY
ONES.



WE--I--WE
ONLY WANTED TO
BE CENOBITES!
TO BE LIKE YOU--
TO TORTURE
AND MAIM!

THAT IS
NOT WHAT
WE ARE!



OUR ORDER IS
ONE OF EXPERIENCE--
ANY AND ALL--IN THE
EXTREME.

IN THAT GRAND
ADVENTURE THERE IS
ENLIGHTENMENT.



YOU--NONE OF
YOU--EVER
UNDERSTOOD OUR
MOTIVATION.



AND IN YOUR IGNORANCE
WERE SUITED FOR NOTHING
MORE THAN FILLING
LEVIATHAN'S BELLY!

STOP,
AGGREGATE!
IT'S OVER--
WE'VE
LOST!

YOU'VE ALL BEEN LOST SINCE
THE MOMENT YOU SOLVED
WHATEVER PUZZLES
DAMNED THE LOT OF YOU!

BUT I'VE GOT
A CHANCE NOW
--A CHANCE
FOR MY OWN
LIFE!



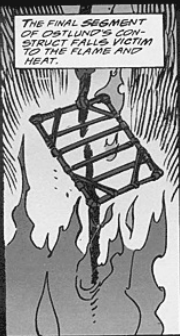
EXPERIENCES I CAN
CALL MINE ALONE!

BEGIN
WITH THIS...

...AND
END WITH
IT, TOO.



THE FINAL SEGMENT
OF OSTLUND'S CON-
STRUCT FALLS VICTIM
TO THE FLAME AND
HEAT.



THE TENUOUS
FRAMEWORK
THAT DISORDER
HAD BUILT FOR
ITSELF GIVES
WAY.



AN ORDER THAT HAS MAINTAINED
FOR AN ETERNITY REASSERTS
ITS DARK HOLD.





THE FLOW
OF TIME
POSSESSES A
DEGREE OF
PERCEPTION.

IT RECOGNIZES
THAT EVENTS
HAVE BEEN
REDIRECTED--

GLTCCHT

--THAT I WILL RETURN
THE CONFIGURATIONS YOU
STOLE TO THEIR PROPER
POINTS IN HISTORY.

THE GENOBITES YOU
UNMADE--LIKE ATKINS
AND BALBERITH--WILL
BE RETURNED TO US.

THE BROTHERS
WHO SACRIFICED
THEIR IMMORTALITY
TO THWART YOUR
TRANSGRESSIONS--



--FACE AND
GEHENNA--THEY
MAY BE FOREVER
LOST TO HELL.

AND THEIR
PASSING SHALL
BE MARKED AS A
SUFFERING WE
ALL SHARE.



WHERE--? I
LAST THING I
REMEMBER'S
EATIN' HORSE
DUNG IN
COLORADO...

NO... I WAS
SHIVERING--THE
COLD STONE IN
THE TOMB... IN
PARIS...

WHAT--WHAT'S THE OP, TOP?

TRULY, I WOULD
HAVE BEEN
PROUD TO
AMOUNT WHAT
YOU HAVE
BECOME AS
A CENOBIITE,
AGGREGATE.

BUT YOU ARE
TOO SOON TO
THE CONCEPT OF
SELF-AWARENESS...
TOO SEDUCED BY
THE PASSING
LURE OF
INDIVIDUALITY.

AND THERE
IS NO PLACE
FOR IDENTITY
IN OUR
ORDER.

YOUR PASSION
AND TENACITY
WOULD BE A BOON
TO LEVIATHAN'S
WAR ON THE
FLESH!

ATTEND
TO HIM,
ARMORER.

NOOOO!

PAYBACK'S
A BITCH,
ISN'T IT?

BRAKAKOOM!

HELL... TODAY.

THE WORKSHOP OF
LUDOVICO MARIA SINISTRARI--

--THE HELLBORN INVENTOR
WHOSE CREATION PROPELLED
THE UNHOLY SPIRIT OF HELL
AND HIS CHARGES THROUGH
TIME.*

WHATEVER THAT
MEANS IN A PLACE
WHERE DAMNATION
IS ETERNAL.

RETURNED
TO THE BODY
I POSSESS IN
THE PRESENT.

THE BODY THAT
SHOULD HAVE MADE
THE JOURNEY WITH MY
ESSENCE--

*ISSUE #1--TIM

--IF NOT FOR YOUR
DUPLICITY, SINISTRARI,
DESIGNING YOUR MACHINE
TO TRANSMIT ONLY MY
PSYCHE...

ON THE CONTRARY,
INVENTOR... YOU HAVE
MY THANKS.

ENABLING ME TO AGAIN
EXPERIENCE MY EARLIER
INCARNATIONS HAS
REAFFIRMED MY MISSION
TO SERVE THE LORD,
LEVIATHAN.

AND N-NOW
WHAT? N-NOW
I SUFFER FOR
IT, S'THAT IT?
SUFFER M-MORE'N
I HAVE ALREADY?

I--I HELPED
YOU? NO NO NO NO!
IT'S NOT FAIR!



THE LAST
THING I WANTED
WAS TO DO YOU
ANY GOOD!

THEN I CAN
THINK OF NO MORE
FITTING PUNISHMENT
FOR YOU.

YOU'LL EXCUSE ME,
INVENTOR, BUT THERE
ARE OTHERS WHO RE-
QUIRE MY ATTENTIONS.

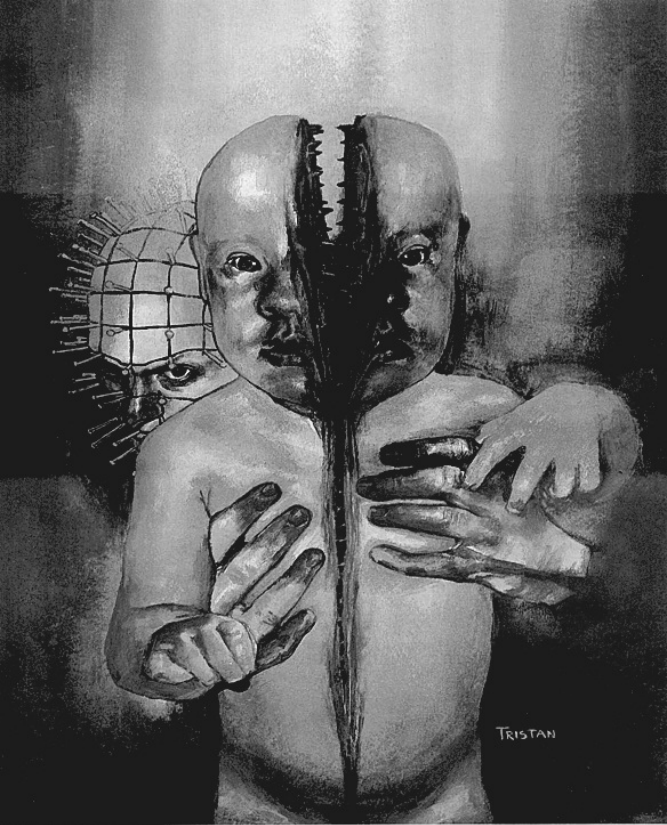
THERE
ALWAYS
ARE...

A FINAL WARNING TO ONE AND
ALL: WALK THE STRAIGHT
AND NARROW, KIDDIES, AND
STEER CLEAR OF PINS AND
PUZZLE BOXES!

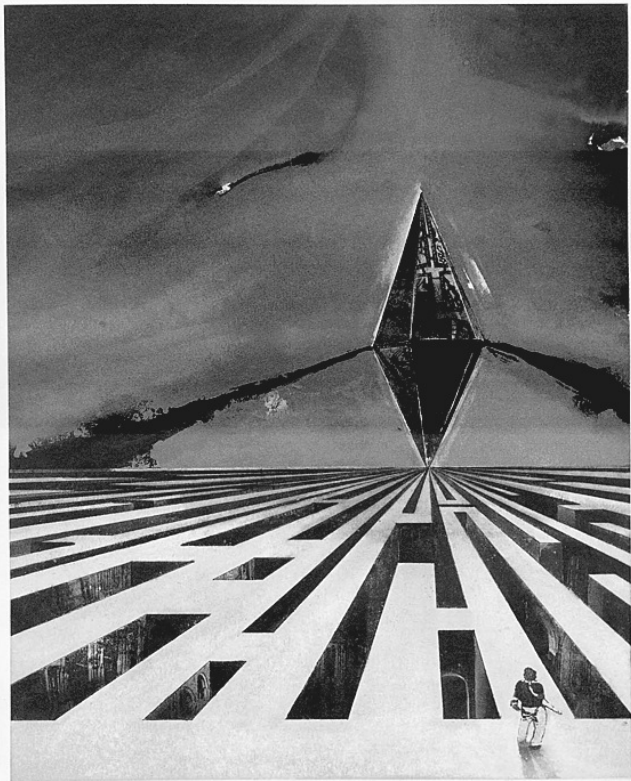
THAT'S IT FROM ALL OF
US IN THIS CORNER OF HELL!

CLIVE BARKER'S
POWHEAD

GALLERY



TRISTAN





TRISTAN

